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The MISER, written by the Author of The Old Man's With,  
and set to Music by Mr. Michael Wile.



What ayles the old Fool? Why dost thou not drink, and eat of the

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best, and wel-com thy Friend, at this time of day so near to thine end? Why

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dost thou not make the best use of thy Chink? Let that Bag of Guineys be

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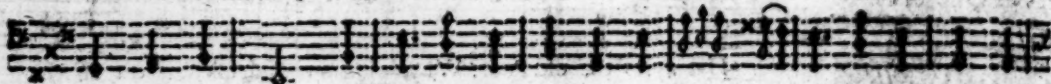
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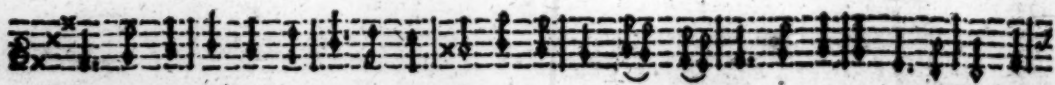
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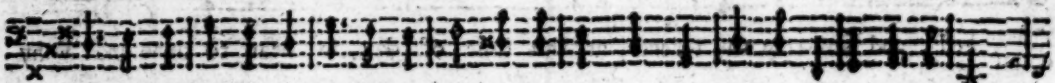
fi—cian has gi—ven thee o're, thy Heir will come lea—ping in at the Door. And



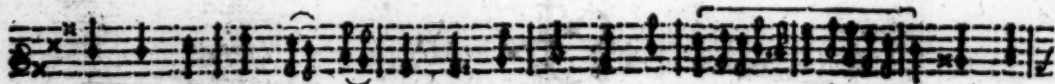
gi—ven thee o're, thy Heir will come leaping, come lea—ping in at the Door. And



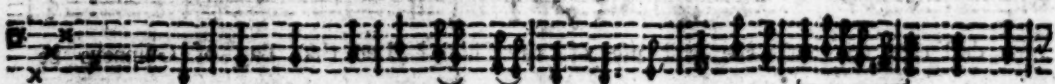
ri—fle thy Coffers, and gree—di—ly seize on thy Bills and thy Bonds, on thy Bags and thy Keys. And



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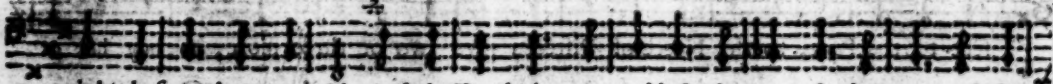
think that he rich—ly deserves all thy Gold, if he lau—gh not out—



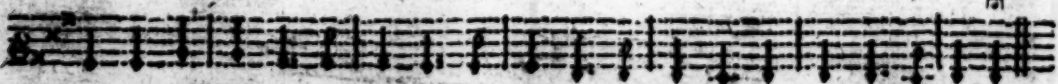
And think that he rich—ly deserves all thy Gold, if he lau—gh not out—



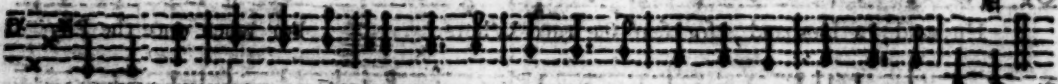
right before thou art cold. And the Youth that appear'd so demure, so demure, and so



right before thou art cold. And the Youth that appear'd so demure, so demure, and so



ci—vil, what thou go'st to Hell for, what thou go'st to Hell for, he'll spend at the Devil.



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